

# NOOK OF POETRY

## TO THE MOTHERS, WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS ON MOTHER'S DAY—MAY 13



### THE DIVINE OFFICE OF THE KITCHEN

Cecily Hallack

"Lord of all pots and pans and things,  
Since I have no time to be  
A saint by doing lovely things,  
And watching late with Thee,  
Or dreaming of dawning,  
Or watching Heaven's gates—  
Make me a saint by cleaning pans,  
And washing up the plates.  
Although I must have Martha's hands,  
I have a Mary mind.  
And when I clean the boots and shoes,  
Thy sandals, Lord, I find.  
I dream of how they trod the earth,  
What time I scrub the floor  
Forgive these meditations, Lord,  
I haven't time for more.  
Warm Thou this kitchen with Thy love,  
And light it with Thy peace.  
Forgive me all my murmurings,  
And make my grumbling cease—  
Thou who didst love to give men food,  
In homes or by the sea,  
Accept this service that I do,  
I do it unto Thee."

### When Spring Comes

Gene Wierbach

I think the trees have growing pains  
And ache with beauty's burgeoning,  
When suddenly along the lanes  
We see the miracle of spring.

The Judas tree is rival of  
The sunset's crimson; the Cornel flower  
Is whiter than the thoughts of love  
In its first quick and tender hour.

The birds fly on their joyful way,  
A rainbow tangles in the rain,  
And all the world is glad today. . .  
Because the spring has come again!

## The Devastation

Jon Beck Shank

The War is gone. All that remains is I  
In horrid silence stumbling down the  
bricks  
Of sidewalks: Time is spent in cannon  
ticks;  
And Memory—as fog at noon low by  
Deters the sun—holds off the burning  
Now,  
The ashen Soon-To-Be, preserves the wee  
Protective Was that made a man of me  
And shall stay unbetrayed no matter how.

Here then I face the house wherein we  
knew  
The shortest night, the white ecstatic  
swoon  
Before Man's pulse was forcefully retard-  
ed . . .  
And well might these pained bones be  
powder too:  
The tonic love they bear is as the moon  
Here over the dead city, disregarded.  
Also appeared in A American Courier

## Look, God

Frances Angermayer

Look God,  
I have never spoken to You,  
But now I want to say "How do you do."  
You see, God, they told me you didn't  
exist.  
And like a fool I believed all this.

Last night from a shell hole, I saw your  
sky  
I figured right then they had told me a  
lie.  
Had I taken time to see things You made,  
I'd have known they weren't calling a  
spade a spade.

I wonder, God, if You'd shake my hand.  
Somehow I feel that You will understand.  
Funny I had to come to this hellish place  
Before I had time to see Your face.

Well, I guess there isn't much more to  
say.  
I'm sure the zero hour will soon be here,  
But I'm not afraid since I know you're  
near.  
The signal! Well God, I'll have to go.

I like You lots, this I want You to know,  
Look now, this will be a horrible fight.  
Who knows, I may come to Your house  
tonight.  
Though I wasn't friendly to You before  
I wonder, God . . . if you'd wait at Your  
door?

Look, I'm crying! Me! Shedding tears!  
I wish I had known You these many  
years.  
Well, I have to go now, God. Goodbye!  
Strange, since I met You I'm not afraid  
to die.

R. I. P.

With pain in my heart I announce the  
death of a dear friend, F.-O. Franklin  
Parker Totten (SOE) on April 14th over  
Germany. Requiem Aeternam. Condol-  
ence are extended to his mother, his sis-  
ters Joyce, Claire and Grace and his  
brother Lt. Edward, and his beloved wife  
of few months Bettye.

## Lest We Forget

FAIRHOPE

T. A. Williams  
Fred Ennissee  
Harell Taylor  
Wm. K. McInnis  
Charles Lee  
Worth McCue  
Vernon Straum  
Pat A. Arnold  
Abbie Dismukes  
Vaunelle Jernigan  
Stephen W. Smith  
Ernest Barry Gaston  
C. James Huling  
Andrew H. Torrey  
Chas. Demos Jr.  
Wm. Middlebrooks  
Franklin Parker Totten

LYS

Kazy Charles Rudauskas

### NORTHWESTERN U. HOUSE

Joseph Paciasik  
Joseph Chopek  
Joseph Gorski  
James Hall  
Ted Inzurello  
Ted Diakow - Strawasz  
John B. Tatarski  
Adam Malinowski  
Adam Wojcik  
Chester Obal  
Bruno Zurawski  
Mitchell Luczek  
Chester Wilcznski  
Joseph Placzinik  
Joseph Piczor  
John Sperka  
Ted Mikos  
Henry Dutkiewicz  
Frank Witek  
Stanley Papciak

### FRIENDS

Edward J. Puckorius  
John Rukstala  
Hugh Frazer  
Joseph Rigas  
Johnn Wasilauskas

Grant them eternal rest, O Lord, and  
let perpetual light shine on them.

### RETURNING VETS

Heroes we shall never forget are also  
the lads who are now being discharged.  
Our deepest appreciation for your part  
is undiminished. Be ye thrice welcome.

Vytautas Tarutis	(USA)
Irv Lev	(USA)
Felix Tomas	(USCG)
Hugh Jones	(USA)
Jimmy Lowell	(USA)
Woodward Skinner	(USMC)
Robert Curtis	(USA)
Robert Clark	(USA)
Robert Koen	(USA )
Robert Mauck	(USA)
Robert Calhoun	(CPS)
Robert Rouse	(USA)

The Spirit of God is all encompassing.  
It is like the sea.  
We are swimming in a  
Great sea of His love.  
Why are we blind much of the time?  
John Morgan

## YOUR COMMENT

### A DARN SWELL PAPER

Having been overseas for only a month,  
I was pleasantly surprised to receive  
three copies of your famous Viltis along  
with 6 (Fairhope Couriers and two val-  
entines from my twin sisters. I have  
read many of your papers with great in-  
terest and I'm here to tell you to keep  
up the good work because it is really  
the kind of reading material we enjoy  
over here. Home town chatter with that  
added spice of variety that dominates  
Viltis makes it a darn swell paper, Fin.  
It must take plenty of effort and hard  
driving to publish it. (I enjoy doing it—  
VFB).

F.O. Wm. B. Keeble

### RUSSIA vs. LITHUANIA & VFB.

. . . I know that we can not condone  
everything that goes on in this world,  
and if one is as strongly nationalistic  
(I?—VFB) and as religious as you are,  
you can not help but feel that Lithuania  
should be Lithuania again. But in the  
face of the wolves of this world Russia  
will never give it up. Lithuania, unfor-  
tunately is the first battle line to the  
east, and as a purely military precaution  
Russia needs it. I don't know why any-  
one would want it for any other reason  
than that unless one is a Lithuanian.

I remember when I was a child my  
mother sang Russian songs to me—sad  
and sweet, and there was left a picture  
in my mind of the childhood home that  
made her instill me with what are really  
alien sympathies, so that everywhere  
I've encountered immigrants I've always  
been drawn to them. Also when I went  
to Russia I had a preconceived picture  
of a place I would love. However, I can-  
not share your violent antipathy (Lord!!-  
??—VFB) to the Russians, such an anti-  
pathy you and plenty of Poles make such  
a fuss over. With untold suffering the  
Russians have driven the Germans from  
the East and I merely say that they will  
hold on to as much territory as they can  
to form a wall between them and the out-  
side. Unfortunately, Lithuanian is the  
wall. Whatever you dislike about them,  
and there are many things I dislike about  
them (I'd rather live in USA any day)  
we should not fail to see that Russia is  
now one of the greatest powers in the  
world. Who can foresee what may come  
to pass with this great force supposedly  
"Socialistic" in this world.

Sonia Goldman

Phoenix, Arizona

### FOR MY HEAD TO SWELL

Dear Fin:—Steadily, each issue of Vil-  
tis has come, and I am most grateful  
to you. One here, with whom I have  
shared copies, has remarked on your writ-  
ing. He has said, too, your selection  
of jokes is excellent. You don't wear  
a hat, so a swelled head wont hurt? I,  
too, think you are doing a splendid job,  
and most worthwhile service in building  
this fellowship of hope and love and  
maintaining it among a great number and  
diversity of fellow humans who know  
creative joy. I like the poetry, including  
your own.

John Morgan, CPS

Phila. Penna.

### VILTIS SWELL!

(Letter written to Mr. Roy Moyers  
by his nephew Sgt. Ralph Havard, Mo-  
bile) Uncle Roy! . . . I would like to  
know all about V. F. Beliajus and the  
swell paper he edits.

First I'll tell you how I came in pos-  
session of several copies of Viltis. Jim-  
my Casebere wrote Fin and told him  
that being I was acquainted with so  
many Fairhopians I might be interested  
in reading the paper. I must say that  
I was interested, and what a wonderful  
article that was in the December edition  
about Barney.

You know, we in the air force have  
a hard time developing the hate we  
should have for the Nazis, because we  
are never in close enough contact with  
them. Even tho we are less than five  
miles from the men who are firing the  
guns and hitting us with flak. They still  
seem hundreds of miles away because  
we can't actually see them.

When I saw Barney's picture and read  
the article in Viltis it did a lot toward  
helping create the necessary strength. . .  
I know that regardless of the number of  
pounds of bombs that we make the Nazis  
"eat", Barney and hundreds of other  
boys who have met with the same fate,  
will not be helped; but I'll sure as hell  
feel as though I'm doing something for  
them and I hope God lets me make many  
missions.

I don't want to slight the Civvie Re-  
porters either for certainly their contri-  
butions are important factors in making  
Viltis such an interesting paper.

I hope that I am on the regular mail-  
ing list. I'll more than willingly pay  
the few dollars for printing or mailing  
costs. Try to see someone connected  
with Viltis and see if I am on the mail-  
ing list.

Nothing new on this side of the ocean  
(I?!?—VFB) as far as I'm concerned.  
Our eyes are on the Russian advance.

So long, Bubba  
Italy

### FROM A PAL

Dear VYTS—it's been a long time,  
tho your little paper Viltis has kept us  
up with the spirit of those days we look  
back upon, telling us what you are do-  
ing and where our friends are.

Your little paper has kept those, re-  
motely apart, together, and has given  
others cheer that needed cheer. I have  
read between the lines and felt the sor-  
row you feel for Kazy. Humbly, I write  
this letter for I am able to write and I  
feel this load upon my shoulders and I  
feel partly to blame for it. I remember  
forty-four or five months ago when Kazy  
enlisted. It was a time I wanted to en-  
list. We liked the Marines. Kazy was  
healthy. I was not. And now at the  
top of Viltis I read the most important  
thing to me "Kazy O. K." Vyts, will we  
ever be the same? Evie and I have  
found a happiness in this world. So  
scarce that it may seem we found  
it. And I have been blessed to  
have two healthy boys. There has been  
so little happiness in this war I feel  
selfishly guilty in that I wasn't by Kazy's  
side. I've asked myself, am I justified in  
having happiness in war? I'm so sorry.  
I'm a sentimentalist and it is within me

till Kazy, my brother and my friends  
come back. Yes, my brother is in it too,  
an LSM in the Pacific somewhere. Vyts,  
I hope it will all be over soon.

This is an appropriate day for me to  
write you. For I'll always remember your  
Easter eggs, decorated as they were, and  
the linens your mother wove will be  
with me always. I never realized how  
much a certain little Lithuanian Folk  
Dance group has given to me until I was  
taken from it. It gave me reason to  
think, and it gave me my house which  
I have today. God bless those that had  
made it what it was.

Some day I hope, after this is all over,  
that a certain friend I know, Vytautas  
Finadar Beliajus, will come to my home  
and feel it is his home, for it will always  
be that.

Evie and I are completely happy and  
couldn't be any more so. I thought you'd  
want to hear that, for you were some-  
what of a cupid in bringing us together.  
I want you to see our children.

I will close now, Sincerely, Hal.  
S.-Sgt. David H. Morris  
Memphis, Tenn.

### FROM MISS VITTUM

Every time one of your interesting  
papers comes I tell myself that I am  
going to sit right down and acknowledge  
it and thank you for it and then all the  
dozens of things that keep hunting around  
to disturb my plans get in and then I do  
what you call "This 'N' That." And I do  
not get back to a letter to you.

Your paper is wonderful. I read it all  
every time—I like to see Northwestern  
mentioned—I like to see letters like the  
one from Caz and I like everything about  
it.

It was nice of you to put in the story  
of Fairhope's first fifty years. I have  
known about Mrs. Johnson's school there  
for a long, long time.

As I read back over your paper, I  
realize how close track you keep of us.  
I have just noticed for the first time  
the list of our Gold Stars. We have  
more now, we are sorry to say. One of  
them is the brother of Connie Witek.  
I think you knew him. They both be-  
longed to the Phantom Club.

I have not heard from Kazy in a long  
time. I did hear from him a few times  
after he went away. So you might put  
in one of your spring numbers the fact  
that we would like to hear.

Has anybody told you that Mr. Rach-  
walski has started a Service Center for  
returned men? He has been appointed  
by Washington to head the Rehabilitation  
Committee for the Service Center areas  
in this part of town and it is bringing  
all the returned boys to the house. It is  
going to be intensely interesting and very  
challenging and we hope we can be use-  
ful.

I must get onto a lot of things that  
are waiting for me now so I want just  
to say thank you again for keeping me  
on your list and I hope that you are  
getting well very fast and that you will  
be coming home "on furlough" before  
very long. We will be very happy to see  
you.

With best wishes always,  
Faithfully yours,  
Harriet E. Vittum,